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May 1920.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



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THE ANGEL OF THE WELL. (*See p. 87.*)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

The Hyde and Miller Photographic Co.

"PEPPER" had come in for a windfall. He had awoke that morning with no prospect before him but the prosaic whole school day; then at eight o'clock, as though it had dropped from the clouds, came a letter from his Uncle George.

Uncle George was a man of few words, and his method of administering tips was highly approved of by his nephews. He made no awkward stipulations as to how the money was to be spent, but having drawn the young gentleman into a quiet corner, he administered the coin with an air which, if translated into words, would have been expressed as follows:—

"Look here! this is an awkward business, but it has to be gone through. We're both men of the world, therefore why not put this in your pocket and say no more about it?"

In this case the letter which accompanied the gift was brief and to the point. "Pepper" read it in assembly, and very nearly got his name put down for disorderly conduct, owing to the exuberant nature of his delight.

At once the money began to burn holes in his pocket; he took two boys' papers with him into breakfast, and devouring the advertisements with his bread and butter, had, by the end of the meal, already decided to buy a bat, a steam-engine in parts, the "Earthquake" packet of foreign stamps, and a rubber printing outfit.

These plans, however, were destined to remain unfulfilled; for on strolling

out into the school yard, his attention was attracted by seeing Miller apparently engaged in some weighty argument with a boy named Redmond, who stood leaning up against the iron cage which surrounded the trunk of one of the trees.

"I'll give you twelve bob and a tanner," Miller was saying.

"Nonsense," answered Redmond. "Why, it cost thirty shillings—that is, everything included—and it's as good as new."

"Well, look here!" said Miller, checking off the various items on his fingers. "Twelve and six—a white mice cage with a turning wheel, and part of a watch."

"What part?"

"The insides—at least most of them."

Redmond clambered up the iron bars of the tree-protector, and hung to them like a monkey.

"My grandmother!" he answered. "What's the good of a white-mice cage to me?"

"Pepper," feeling bound to put a word in to assist his friend, though not clearly knowing what the argument was about, here suggested,—

"Keep your notepaper in it."

"Rot!" shouted Redmond. "Twenty shillings is my price, and that includes ruby lamp, dishes, printing-frame, and a whole rig-out of chemicals."

The speaker, it appeared, had a small hand camera to dispose of; and Miller, always ready for a deal in second-hand goods, was seized with a burning desire to start photography.

Young George felt that he owed his friend a good turn, and was rather proud of being able to offer assistance, which he did with characteristic impetuosity.

"Look here!" he cried. "I'll put ten bob into the thing, and we'll have it between us."

Miller protested, "Pepper" insisted, and the bargain was at length completed.

"Well, can't you show us a specimen of what you've done?" inquired George.

Redmond jumped down from the cage, and after fumbling in his pocket, produced a soiled and crumpled envelope, which was found to contain a print stuck crookedly on a card and smeared with gum.

"What's this?" asked Miller, studying the view—"a ship on fire?"

"You're holding it upside down, you duffer!" retorted the artist. "It's the big school taken from over there."

Young George now examined the photo.

"What makes it so misty?" he inquired. "It looks as if you'd taken it in a thunderstorm."

"Oh, that's nothing," answered Redmond cheerily. "I believe I stuck the plate in the fixing bath before developing."

"But the whole show looks as if it were falling backwards."

"Oh, that's because I tilted the camera."

"And who's supposed to be letting off all those fireworks?"

"That's something went wrong in the printing."

"Seems to be a jolly complicated business," said "Pepper" dubiously. "How are we to find out all these things?"

"Oh, we'll manage it right enough," answered Miller, who, with some new idea in his brain, was never dismayed at the difficulties to be encountered. "Here's the tin, and you can hand the things over after school."

Walking off together, and talking over their new acquisition, young George was led to recognize the greatness of his companion's plans. At this time amateur photography was not the rage which it has since become, and with the exception of Redmond, no one had as yet gone in for it at Ruddingham.

"Why," asked Miller, "should not the hobby be made a paying one?" This could easily be done by taking portraits and selling them.

"Pepper" threw himself heart and soul into the project, and that same morning diligently canvassed the Lower Fourth for gentlemen who were anxious to send home lifelike representations of their classical forms and faces.

The only victim to be found was Wursley, who, after some little haggling as to price, professed himself willing to face the camera. Wursley was of decidedly loutish build and appearance, and considerable amusement was expressed by his classmates at his desire to be "snap-shotted." The execution was fixed to take place in the yard at half-past twelve on the next morning; but when Miller appeared with the loaded camera, the sight attracted such a crowd of idlers

84 The Hyde and Miller Photographic Co.

that an adjournment was made to the playground. Even then several gentlemen followed to assist and make fun, and refused to go away.

"The giant's stride will do for a background," said Miller. "There! stand like that, and don't move till I tell you."

The photographers and crowd withdrew a few paces, leaving the victim standing with his back to the post, like a man about to be shot.

"Your cap's on crooked, Wursley!" said one gentleman.

"Your teeth are showing!" cried a second.

"Can't you stick on a pleasanter expression?" suggested a third; "you look as if you'd just taken cod-liver oil."

"Be quick, you duffers!" exclaimed the victim, who did not relish being exposed to this fire of criticism.

"Now!" cried Miller, who had just got his man in the centre of the viewfinder. Wursley's features assumed an insane expression, as though he had had his ears boxed and had not had time to recover from the shock; there was a *click*, and the victim stepped away from the mast with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, bother it!" exclaimed Miller, "that's no good. I forgot to take the slide out of the carrier, so nothing's happened."

The audience sent up a mingled cry of delight and derision, and Wursley boiled with rage.

"See here!" he exclaimed: "I believe you chaps are simply trying to make a fool of me. Some of you'll laugh on the wrong side of your faces

directly.—I'll smack your head, young 'Pepper.'"

Young George protested that he had taken no other part in the proceedings than that of an innocent bystander; and the aggrieved gentleman having been induced to return to his former position, a couple of exposures were made.

"That'll do," cried Miller. Whereupon Wursley ran off in chase of a small boy whose remarks had been particularly offensive; and having captured him, rolled him on the gravel, and threw his cap into a tree.

The partners had already decided to use a corner of the roof as their dark room, and for the next two days they ran innumerable risks going backwards and forwards with jugs of water and other things necessary in developing. At length one afternoon, just before school, "Pepper" thrust an envelope into Wursley's hand.

"What's this?" inquired the latter.

"The proof," answered "Pepper" proudly.

For some time Wursley stared at the picture in silence.

"That's not me," he remarked, pointing with his finger.

"Of course it isn't, you silly ass!" cried "Pepper." "That's the giant-stride."

"Well, just show me what's me and what's giant-stride."

"Pepper" did as requested, but his companion refused to be satisfied.

"It's so blurred and fogged you can't make out anything," he exclaimed. "I'm not going to have this thing."

"Your watch-chain's come out jolly

well," remarked "Pepper" consolingly; "it's as natural as life."

"Don't care if it is," was the reply.

my money back;" and the speaker sent the card spinning on to the top of some lockers.



"Who d'you think wants a photo of his watch-chain? I'm not going to pay for this. You'll have to give me

"I can't give you the money," protested "Pepper," "'cause we've spent it. It went to buy the chloride paper."

"Then you'll have to give it me back next pocket-money day," answered Wursley decisively. "The whole thing's a fraud. You're a couple of bally swindlers, and if you don't return my bob I'll tell Lyons."

This was certainly rather a disheartening commencement for the photography business. But Miller did not easily lose heart. He loaded up the camera, and fired off the rest of the plates, with the result that one of them produced a photo of Mr. Chubb, taken while he was in the act of walking across the yard, and showing him with four legs. This, for some reason, was considered a great joke, especially by the members of Mr. Chubb's class, who in almost every instance bought one copy to keep and one to send home to their friends. There was quite a brisk sale for the likeness; the two photographers were kept busy all their time producing it, and reaped a substantial profit.

Photography may be regarded as one of the gentle arts; but when one develops in the corner of a dark roof in imminent peril of being discovered on forbidden ground, and punished accordingly, a spice of risk is added which makes it quite an adventurous proceeding. "Pepper" enjoyed it immensely—descending the music-room ladder, so to speak, with his life in his hands, and returning with fresh supplies of water taken from the neighbouring dormitories.

Even when the plates never came to anything, it was fun watching them by the dim light of the red lantern. Working up there in the darkness was really

like having a hand in some conspiracy, and under these circumstances the friendship between the two boys became more and more firmly established.

What had made the boys prefer the hot, stuffy roof to the playground, it would be difficult to imagine; possibly some such perverse instinct as makes a fowl lay her eggs in a hedge instead of in the appointed nest. At all events, there it was that they now spent the greater portion of their spare time.

"It would be awkward if some one came up here to look at the slates or do something of that sort," remarked "Pepper."

"We'd just scoot into the tower, and get down that way," answered Miller.

"Yes," returned his companion. "But they'd be certain to bring a light with them, and they'd twig our dishes."

Beauty out of Blots.

A FRIEND once showed John Ruskin a costly handkerchief on which a blot of ink had been made. "Nothing can be done with it now; it is absolutely worthless."

Ruskin made no reply, but carried it away with him. After a time he sent it back to the great surprise of his friend, who could scarcely recognize it. In a most skilful and artistic way he had made a fine design in India ink, using the blot as a basis, making the handkerchief more valuable than ever.

A blotted life is not necessarily a useless life. Jesus can make a life beautiful though it has been marred by sin.

Cawnpur, a City of the Mutiny.

CAWNPUR is now a dull town, with no attractions for the tourist. It is a manufacturing city, with cotton, woollen, and jute mills, tanneries, and leather works. It has, however, a Memorial Garden, which recalls one of the most terrible incidents in the Mutiny. In the centre of an enclosure, above a long-disused



well, is a beautiful marble figure of an angel with a sweet, sad countenance, and carrying the palm of victory.

What is the story of this Memorial Garden? In the town, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, was the largest number of native soldiers at any one place in India. A disinherited prince named Nana became their leader. The Europeans of Cawnpur—four hundred and fifty in all—threw up an entrenchment, which was merely a mud wall of about four feet high, and so weak that it

would not stop a bullet. Behind this miserable defence they held out with wonderful heroism. Day and night a continuous shower of shot, shell, and bullets was hurled at them; their shelters were burnt down; there was little food and water; their sufferings in the intense heat of an Indian June were awful. There were many ladies amongst the besieged, but they never despaired. They handed up the ammunition, loaded the guns, and even gave up their stockings for grape-shot cases. Nana had three thousand men, but he could not force his way through the weak mud wall.

Then he tried what stratagem would do. He offered to provide boats and provisions, and send the garrison down the river to Allahabad. There was no hope of succour, so Nana's terms were accepted. No sooner, however, had these unhappy people embarked in boats than a fire of musketry and artillery opened on them from Nana's soldiers, who lined the banks of the river. In a few minutes half of the little party was killed or wounded. The survivors were seized and carried back to Cawnpur, where the men were at once shot. The women and children, two hundred and six in number, were held captive in a small building.

Eighteen days later five men, armed with sabres, were seen in the twilight to approach the building. They entered the room and quietly closed the door. Shrieks and low groans were heard, and the sound of blows, as the savages killed the unresisting women and little children. Next morning the bodies were cast into the well, above which

the sorrowing angel now stands in perpetual memory.

Two days later an avenging British force under General Havelock reached Cawnpur. Nana, however, escaped the punishment which he so well merited. He vanished, and no one knows how or where he died. There was a tradition that he was no man but an evil spirit, and that having done a fiend's work he returned to his own place.

array on a flat tray, pour into the tray some vinegar. At once each ship will be surrounded by a fringe of foam and will begin to move about in various ways, until in a short time the whole will be in disorder and confusion. The effect is very striking and curious, but the explanation is simple enough. When brought into contact with vinegar the chalk decomposes, producing carbonic acid gas. This coming off in



Review of the Fleet.

CUT out of chalk small models of the ships of a fleet—battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers. The masts, funnels, conning-towers, and other accessories may be made with bits of matches and coloured paper, and the whole painted over with ink to give them the usual gray appearance. The bottoms must be flat.

Having drawn them up in battle

bubbles generates the foam, and the disengagement of gas is so powerful as to push the little ships here and there with considerable force, and even to lift them slightly above the surface on which they rest.

Golden Text for the Month.

Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.—EPHESIANS i. 2.

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER XII.

THE ISRAELITES AND THE AMALEKITES.

THE Israelites were in a new land, but they were not by any means in safety. Moses knew well that they would have to fight for their very existence with the Asiatic peoples they encountered. To cross a frontier in those days meant a fight. His first work was to make his men into soldiers. We all know now what that means! Our British generals had to make new armies to fight the Germans, with only a few months to do it in. Sometimes the material was pretty raw, but keenness and enthusiasm did wonders! It makes us realize by comparison something of the difficulty Moses had to overcome in drilling his great new army. To begin with, they were all men who had been slaves. They had nothing to speak of in the way of equipment. It was Moses' genius that discovered what really sound material he had to work upon. The Israelites belonged to a strong and wiry race. Years of serfdom had given them many unamiable traits, but it had made them tough and hardy. It was their "toughness" that pulled them through. They were tremendously keen to learn soldiering. Moses in his princely days had led the best cavalry in the world; he now threw all his energies into the business of drill and military training. Soon

some of the younger men who showed promise were made officers in the new army. Among them was a man called Joshua, who afterwards succeeded Moses himself as general.

It was not very long before the army had to prove its mettle. The Amalekites, through whose country they were marching, were a fierce Arab people. As the Israelites advanced the Amalekite pickets hung upon the flanks of the army, carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare; and before Israel reached a place called Rephidim, Moses' scouts found there was a great Amalekite army awaiting them. Moses determined at once to fight. He put Joshua at the head of his battalions in the field, while he himself, with some of his staff, occupied a hill overlooking the battlefield.

As they fought that day the soldiers of Israel could see their great leader on the hilltop with his arms stretched upward to heaven. They knew he was praying for them, and they fought with might and main. What a sight it must have been to see those fierce lines dashing themselves again and again upon the army of the Amalekites! We seem to hear the savage cries, the crash of shield meeting shield, the war-cries of the fierce clans, the death-song of the flashing spears and lances!

The day wore on, and Moses' arms dropped with weariness; then his troops wavered and gave ground. Once more his hands were raised to heaven, and the Israelites took heart and drove back the Amalekites. Aaron and Hur took each an arm of Moses and held up the hands of the old man

as he sat on a stone on the hilltop; and so it was that the army of Israel won their first great battle.

The result of this victory at Rephidim was very important. It gave Moses' soldiers confidence. It brought them a great reputation amongst the tribes round about. And it provided them

He built an altar to God after the battle, and he called it *Jehovah-nissi*—"The Lord is my banner."

Why is the water in Liverpool docks like a respite to a condemned criminal?

Answer in next month's "Children's Paper."



REPHIDIM.

with many things they needed. The Amalekites had taken the field with much barbaric wealth of gold and silver; and, most important of all, they left a great quantity of arms and accoutrements on the field of battle.

Moses was proud of his men, and he gave thanks to God for the victory.

Motto for May.

*Each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.*

WHITTIER.

Sent in by ANNIE LOGIE,
14 Union Street, Stirling,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



What Became of Them ?

HIE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine ;
And each said, " Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good ;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain ;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

The Joke.

AJOLLY old elephant tease
Strapped a skate on his trunk with a sneeze.
Said he, " Beyond doubt,
If my feet should give out,
I could skate on my nose with great ease."

The other beasts hoped for a show,
But he skimmed like a bird to and fro.
Said he, " I can use
The fifth skate if I choose,
But my feet never tire, you know ! "

Postmark Competition.

Song of British Children.

IN an island home of the Northern
Seas,
Where the waves leap high to the
western breeze,
We live secure from foemen.
'Tis a rich, fair land of hill and plain,
Where the tender sun and the gentle rain
Delight the hearts of yeomen.
And deep in her breast there are riches
rare
That we daily win, and are glad to share
With all the world, our neighbour.
Our forges gleam and our great looms roar,
While our hammers ring; from shore to
shore
You hear the sounds of labour.

While over the ocean, our boast and our
pride,
Our myriad ships are breasting the tide,
God speed the ships a-sailing!
They carry our wares to distant strands,
And bring us the fruits of foreign lands
In plenty never-failing.

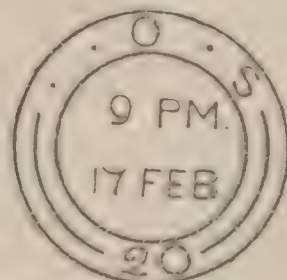
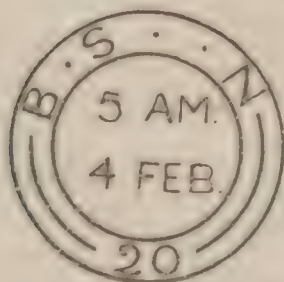
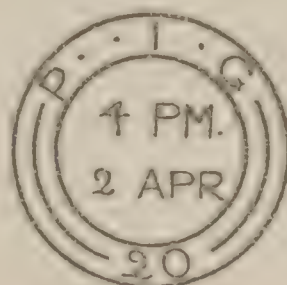
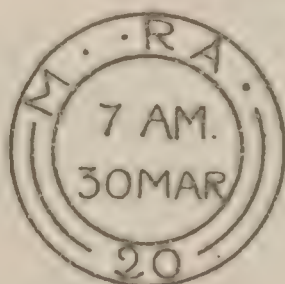
They sail to dominions widespread o'er
the world,
Where the flag of our country is ever
unfurled—

That flag of ancient story.
Oh; proud should we be of Britain's
fame,
And worthy to bear the Briton's name—
A name of hope and glory!

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

[All rights reserved.]

Postmark Competition.



The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.

Amusing Visitors.

IT is not every poet who possesses the sense of humour. Longfellow had it in unusual degree. Nothing absurd escaped him. Among the relics that he especially treasured was an inkstand, once the property of Coleridge. One day, showing that relic to a stranger who had called on him, he said, "Perhaps 'The Ancient Mariner' was written from this." "Yes," said his visitor; "and 'The old Oaken Bucket,' who done that?"

An admirer of Longfellow's once wrote him, saying, "Please send your autograph in your own handwriting."

He has recorded a characteristic dialogue with a strange lady, who accosted him one summer morning at his house door.

"Is this the house where Longfellow was born?"

"No, he was not born here."

"Did he die here?"

"No, he is not dead."

"Are you Longfellow?"

"I am."

"I thought you died two years ago."

That recalls the intelligent remark made to Walter Savage Landor by a lady who rushed to compliment him on his "Pericles and Aspasia."

"Mr. Landor," she said, "I haven't had time to read your 'Periwinkles and Asparagus,' but I hear it is very good."

THE nave of a Gothic cathedral is simply the inside of a ship with its timbers reversed and raised upon posts. No working model for a Gothic building could be given that would not be a ship turned upside down.

An Explanation.

DURING the march of General Lee's army through northern Virginia to Maryland, General Jackson happened to notice a number of stragglers in General Early's division, and that night he sent him a note.

"GENERAL,—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many of your stragglers in the rear of your division to-day.

(Signed) "A. S. PENDLETON."

General Early replied:—

"CAPTAIN,—In answer to your note, I would state that I think it possible that the reason General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers on the march to-day is that he rode in the rear of my division. J. A. EARLY."

"Stonewall" Jackson only smiled when he read the note, and made no further inquiries.

McMix.

"MA," said a bright boy, "there's a Scotsman come to live in the town."

"Oh," replied his mother. "How do you know that?"

"Why, on the new building they've cut the words McMIX."

Father came in at the moment, and explained that the letters which his hopeful had seen were the date—MCMIX.

To keep a bright face when one's heart is troubled, striving to be cheerful for the sake of others—that is being really brave.

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER V.

BONANZA COVE.

IT was about the time that the corral was finished that they came to realize that they had lost count of the days and really did not know how long they had been on the Island. They had even lost track of the day of the week, and Marian did not know when she had ever done that in her life before. She and Delbert sat down and figured and figured, trying to count back and remember what had been done on each day; but it was no use—it had been too long. Jennie, however, was quite sure that it was Wednesday then, though she could not tell why—she just thought it was, that was all; and so, assuming that she was correct in her belief, Marian easily figured up what day of the month it was then, for of course she knew the day and date upon which they had left home.

"Now," she said, "we will not trust to our memories any more. Every day I will put a notch in a stick"—which she faithfully did, using for the purpose a smooth stick that Delbert picked up on the beach one day. As a matter of fact, Jennie had been mistaken, and they were two days

ahead of time, but they did not know that till afterwards.

The days were filled pretty full. Marian thought that the busier they were the less would they be a prey to loneliness and homesickness. They tumbled out of the Cave in the mornings, milked the burro, got breakfast, and then worked a while at something till it was time for a big sea bath.

When they first began their life on the Island, Delbert was the only one who could swim to amount to anything. Clarence had taught him, and he had been a very apt pupil; but the others knew so little of the useful art that Marian herself dared not venture beyond her depth, while the little girls declined water that was more than knee-deep and Davie preferred it even less than that. But already there was a vast improvement among them all. As the way to learn to walk is to get up and walk, so the way to learn to swim is to strike out and swim, and they were following that method.

The bill of fare was limited, to be sure, but they brought to it appetites sharpened by the constant exercise they were taking in the sea air and the sunshine.

One day up in the pasture they ran across a *panal*.* This is the nest of a kind of wild bee, and is made of the same material that our hornets use in constructing their homes, but the bee itself is not so large as a hornet. Marian saw the nest first and pointed it out to the other children merely as

* Pronounced *pal-nahl'*; plural, *pal-nah'-layss*. It is the regular Spanish word for honeycomb.

a matter of curiosity, but Delbert straightway became excited.

There was honey in that bees' nest; he knew it; splendid honey. Hadn't Clarence bought some once of an Indian and given him a lot? And Clarence had told him all about *panales*. You take all the outside honey and comb away and leave the core, and they will build on again, just as tame bees will.

Marian was a little dubious. Honey was all very well, but stings were not at all desirable. How were they to proceed to get the sweet store?

"We have no bee-smoker," she reminded him, "and if we had, there are no rags to be burned in it."

"Huh!" declared Delbert scornfully, "do you s'pose the Indians have smokers?—or rags either? No, sirree! they just build a fire of trash they gather up. Besides, the stings of these little bees don't amount to shucks!"

It was not in Marian's policy to discourage him from doing anything not actually dangerous to life and limb, and she was glad he was willing to dare the stings; so she said they would go back to the Cave for the little dishpan and some coals to start a smudge with, and see what they could do.

She and Delbert swathed their hands and faces as well as they could and still be able to work handily. They built three little fires about the bush the nest was in, and gathered trash and piled it on till they were all smoking finely. With a forked pole Marian raked one of them as nearly under the

nest as she could, and then, holding her skirts carefully so that they should not swing into the fire, she began the task of robbing the little bees.

Delbert held the pan, and she cut off layer after layer of the paper-like comb filled with the clear sweet liquid, but she was careful to leave a goodly portion at the centre for the bees to begin on anew. Then they retreated with their booty, threw a towel over it, and gave it to Jennie and Esther to carry off, while they raked back and stamped out the fires and threw dirt over the ashes, so that they could not start up again.

During the whole performance both of them had received stings, but, as Delbert said, they did not amount to much, and certainly honey never tasted sweeter.

That was the day they discovered the riches of Bonanza Cove:

They had never gone down into it before, having always skirted it quite a way up on the hill, for there was no sand at that part, only ragged rocks with broken shells and barnacles, interspersed with occasional clumps of mango bushes—certainly not easy ground for little feet to run over. But this day, as they were returning home with the little dishpan of luscious sweetness, Esther had declared, "I see a bottle;" and on the strength of that declaration they climbed down into the cove, for a bottle would be a very valuable thing to have. And, once there, they found so many valuable things that they gathered up a load and carried it home and went back in the afternoon for more.

The bottle proved to be a quart beer-bottle that some one had doubtless tossed, corked but empty, over some steamer's side, and careful search revealed six others, besides the remains of several that had been broken. Marian hailed them with delight. Now they could carry water in bottles when they went exploring, and leave her precious glass jar safe at the Cave. She had always been afraid it would get broken on some of those trips. Five of the seven bottles were only pints, but were none the less eagerly welcomed and treasured.

Also there was discovered in a clump of mango bushes, half buried in the mud, an old broken five-gallon demijohn. The basketwork enclosing it was nearly intact, and Marian thought they might use it for something some time.

The wreck of an old barrel was also rescued from the mud. Only three of its staves were gone. Who knew what might not some time be done with what remained? Several rusty tin cans were acquired. Marian could mend them by drawing a tiny rag through the holes in them; and Esther came up with a piece of scrap iron that might be made into a spear-head if one only knew how. Delbert knew Clarence could have done it all right. They found three little boards, too, and an old shoe whose top was not yet stiff. Besides all this, there were innumerable armloads of driftwood. They gathered it up into piles beyond the reach of high tides.

But the most exciting discovery of all was the remains of an old canoe.

One side and a goodly portion of the bottom were gone, but it was undeniably a canoe.

The canoe was of native manufacture, having been hollowed out from one big log, and what was left of it seemed to be quite solid. After they had it floating they hunted up poles and practised the art of navigation for a while.

"Marian," Delbert said, "let's pile a lot of that wood on this and take it around that way. It will be a lot easier than carrying it over."

"The waves are too high," she objected, "and we should have to tie the wood on good and solid, for the way this thing dips and tips and turns it would all be off before we were out of the cove. I'll tell you," she said; "let's wait till to-morrow. Maybe the wind will not pile the waves quite so high then, and we can tie your rope to it. See there is the hole in the prow they made to moor it by, and we can tow it round, if you like. That is splendid wood and it will certainly be easier getting it home that way than carrying it up over the hill. So let's go back now and braid palm-leaf ropes the rest of to-day, so as to have plenty to tie the wood with, and hunt up some nice poles and paddles; and to-morrow early we will come and take this gallant bark round into harbour."

So they beached it again, and piled stones in it so it could not get away, and then went back to the home end of the Island.

The Mexicans make a very good rope of twisted palm-leaves, but our

islanders had not learned how yet, and so braided them instead, for even the children could do that. For a large rope they simply took three of the small ones and braided them together. The finished articles were very knobby, uneven affairs, of course, and could not be used to lasso with, but they were flexible and strong and served to tie things. They had quite a number of these ropes of home manufacture.

Next morning, after attending to the burro and eating a breakfast of baked fish, they filled the two big bottles and three of the little ones with water and started off with their ropes and poles.

At the cove they put the pail and their bottles into a clump of mango bushes and began to gather up the best and biggest of the wood. Marian made compact bundles of it, and lashed them as best she could to what remained of the old canoe. Alone it would not stay in any position that made it navigable, but reinforced by the bundles of wood on what Delbert called the "absent" side of the craft, it floated as any other mass of wooden wreckage would have floated and maintained an equilibrium which allowed the children to perch on top in safety.

Delbert scratched his head.

"This isn't a canoe and it isn't a raft. What in creation is it, anyway, Marian?"

"I reckon it's a float," she answered.

Marian knew a good deal about rowing and sailing a boat, but this was a different matter. To begin with, they had only one really good

pole. The other was too short, besides being crooked, and their craft swung round and twisted and did its best to wobble its way back to the beach. At last, however, they got out quite a way, beyond the depth of the shortest pole, but when they came to round the point there was trouble again. Finally Marian jumped off and, half swimming, half wading to shore with the lariat, towed them round the point; and then, because they made better progress that way, accomplished most of the rest of the journey so.

Davie also preferred to do most of his travelling on his own feet, and Marian did not blame him, for the float did not even look like a safe craft, and the way it wobbled and bobbed might well have made an older passenger than Davie uneasy. So he trudged on, mostly in the edge of the water, now and then whimpering when he hurt his bare toes, and again laughing gleefully at some treasure of the sea which the fates cast at his feet.

Altogether, their progress was so slow that the day was nearly done before they moored their gallant craft to the little rock pier behind the Island.

Close on the heels of the food problem had come that of clothing. Marian thanked her stars that the soil of the Island was sandy and brushed off easily, but even with that in their favour they had not been on the Island so very long before their clothing sadly needed washing. She put her whole flock into their bathing-suits and washed everything else.

But that made such inroads on her lone cake of soap that she decided things must do without soap in the future, and what dirt would not come out with water and sunshine would have to stay in. Clothes constantly worn will in time wear out, and Marian's little flock soon became shabby as well as dingy. She staved off the evil day for a while by decreeing that the bathing-suits must be worn all the time; and so the other clothes were folded away up at the Cave, to await the blest day when some one should wander into San Moros and take them all back to the Port.

Davie could not see any use in clothes anyway, except when he was cold. Before long he rebelled against even the little bathing-suit, and as there was no one to see and criticise, his sister let him run from morning till night absolutely naked. His little body soon became so tanned that Marian called him a little Indian, and because he strutted about in such a lordly way she dubbed him Hiawatha. That tickled Delbert, who then tied his little brother's hair in tufts and stuck them full of feathers.

Delbert himself began to need the barber's services, but he declared he was not going to have his hair cut; he was going to let it grow long and make fishlines of it.

So he tied a string about his forehead, stuck feathers in it, and demanded an Indian name. Marian named him Chingachgook. Of course the little girls wanted Indian names too, so she told Jennie she could be Wahtawah and Esther Pocahontas

They were very much pleased and went straightway to hunt up some feathers, though Delbert declared that squaws never wore them.

"Never mind," said Marian soothingly; "these squaws can do anything they have a mind to."

She herself did not adopt a name, but Delbert used to call her the great squaw chief.

The nights were getting cooler now, and Marian cast about for ways and means of getting more bedding. She pounded sticks and dried banana leaves into the Cave where it ran back and became too narrow for their feet. She blocked up the sides with rocks and pieces of driftwood and filled in the chinks with little wads of banana leaves, so that the wind was shut out better. She saved the feathers from the birds they killed, and tied them up in the little girls' petticoats for pillows, and she saved every rabbit-skin and stretched it out so that it dried smoothly, scraping it as clean as she could, and when it was almost dry, rubbed and worked it till it was soft and pliable. When she had quite a number all finished up in this manner, she trimmed the edges a little and sewed them together. In the course of time she would have a robe large enough to cover them all, and as long as she could keep it dry it would not spoil.

Delbert was interested in bows and arrows. His first efforts at making bows were not successes, but at length he evolved one that did shoot quite effectively.

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS must attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 100. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than May 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for May.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested not to enclose stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on *My Earliest Recollections*. The paper must not exceed 250 words.

CHANGEABLE COLOURS.

I am colour: change my head, I am careless; change once more, I am to chatter.

I am a colour: change my head, I am a hint; once more, I am a sticky substance.

I am a colour: change my head, I am to entreat; once more, I am a fight.

I am a colour: change my head, I am ripe; once more, I am to roar.

I am a colour: change my head, I am a vessel for holding liquids; once more, I am an ornament used by a lady.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A). (DIAMOND ACROSTIC).

1. A letter in Psalms. 2. The father of Abner.
3. The youngest son of Jesse. 4. A name that Christ was often called. 5. A book in the Old Testament. 6. A champion of the Philistines.
7. A book in the Old Testament. 8. The father of Joshua. 9. A letter in Psalms.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of Cawnpur, on p. 87.

JUMBLED LETTER PUZZLE.

Hemtrymorehtfonyma.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a rabbit, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of how Jesus healed the deaf and dumb man.

For Children under Ten only.

WRITING COMPETITION.

On a post card write, in ink, the word *Remarkable*. (*Be sure you send in your very best writing.*)

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a tulip, and colour it either with water colours or chalk.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for March.

ORIGINAL FAIRY TALE.

1. Isobel Hendry, 92 North Brown Street, Broughty Ferry. 2. B. Kinsman, 8 Cistern Street, Totnes, Devon. 3. Barbara H. Newman, Capron House, Midhurst, Sussex.

Honourable Mention.—Eileen Hiskins, 217 West End Lane, W. Hampstead, London, N.W.6; Dorothy Libby, 3 Ashleigh Villas, Plymouth Road, Totnes, Devon; Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; Lily Walker, 10 Albert Terrace, Coleraine, Co. Derry; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford, Essex; Jean MacLaine, 4 Drumoyne Avenue, Govan, Glasgow.

STRANGE CITIES COMPETITION.

1. Sheena Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa.
 2. Winnie Mason, 259 Cardigan Terrace, Gateshead.
- Honourable Mention*.—Elizabeth M. Campbell, 14 Waverley Park, Edinburgh; Nan M'Kinnel, 35 Stratford Street, Maryhill, Glasgow; Nellie M'Alister, Dunamoy, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; Rena Ferrier, Ronaldshay Crescent, Grangemouth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds. 2. Beryl Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester. 3. Helen Kilpatrick, 169 Bewick Road, Gateshead.

Honourable Mention.—Gwendoline Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford; Hugh Ross, 105 Causewayside, Edinburgh; Florence M. Dodd, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Tom B. Wilson, Diamond, Coleraine, Co. Derry; Effie Galloway, 11 Queen's Park Avenue, Edinburgh; Bertha Taylor, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Hamish Grant, 55 Greenfield Street, Alloa. 2. Maggie M'Dowell, Laurel Vale, Tandragee, Co. Armagh.

Honourable Mention.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Helen Kilpatrick, 169 Bewick Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne; Monica Williams, Stoneybridge School, Bellbroughton, near Stourbridge; Katharine W. Gould, 32 Belgrave Terrace, Aberdeen; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford, Essex.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

1. Lavinia Fraser, 3 Annette Street, Crosshill, Glasgow. 2. Jean Morgan, 8 Vesper Cottages, Lenzie, by Glasgow. 3. Edith Brann, Ballyeaston Manse, Ballyclare.

Honourable Mention.—Kenneth Dunn, 53 Thistle Street, Aberdeen; Dorothy Libby, 3 Ashleigh Villas, Plymouth Road, Totnes, Devon; Edie G. Hendry, Viewmount, Keith, Banffshire; Lucy May Thake, Whiteley's Cottages, Water Lane, Thaxted; Elizabeth Weir Archibald, Drumbeg, Kenmure Avenue, Bishopriggs; Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

1. Winnie Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring. 2. Jim Beaumont, 3 Orchard Row, Overtown, Wishaw, Lanark. 3. Wilfrid Fenton, 37 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Nessie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; May Syme, Park, Closeburn, Dumfriesshire; Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Bellbroughton, near Stourbridge; Jean Comrie, Melville Square, Comrie; James Robert Henderson, Cornhill Farm, Coulter; Elsie Horn, Laurel House, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Phyllis Warburton, 13 Archery Place, Leeds. 2. Clarence Dickson, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring. 3. Henrietta M'Neillage, 15 Bouverie Street, Yoker.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Thomson, 60 College Street, Glasgow; Agnes Parlett, 3 Merry

Row, Sandport, Portsmouth; Leslie Silvester, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Ivy E. Brown, Stoneybridge School, Bellbroughton, Stourbridge; Cathie Scott, Myrtle Bank, Jackson Street, Penicuik; Gay Osborne-Browne, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Lena Yeoman, Totnes Church Girls' School, Totnes, Devon. 2. Lily Radbourne, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon.

Honourable Mention.—Edward Wood, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Nellie Daniels, Madge Baylis and Ivy Brown, Stoneybridge School, Bellbroughton, near Stourbridge; Kathie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt Bay.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

1. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent. 2. Dorothy Greenall, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon. 3. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, near Bulphan, Essex.

Honourable Mention.—Nessie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Philip Trott, The Eachway, Rednal, Birmingham; Millie Retallack, Church Girls' School, Totnes, Devon; Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Bertie Willis, White Cottage, Dunton, Brentwood, Essex; Jessie Dore, Blancheville, Rubery, Birmingham.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Cuthbert Mardell, Hopebrook Farm, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring; Mary Stanford, Stoneybridge School, Bellbroughton, Stourbridge. 3. William Roberts, 52 Belgrave Road, Corstorphine.

Honourable Mention.—Winnie Sexey, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; John Roberts, The Eachway, Rednal, Birmingham; Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Kathleen M. Garrett, 6 Hertford Street, Oxford; Stanley Herbert, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Ernest Parkhill, 13 Waverley Terrace, Coleraine, Co. Derry. 2. Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford.

Honourable Mention.—Gwendoline Bickton, 126 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford; Madge Richardson and Millie Dickson, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring; Dorothy Nicolson, 6 Alderbank Terrace, Merchiston, Edinburgh; Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; John William Moore, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe.

RIDDLE-MA-REE COMPETITION.

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Honourable Mention.—Irene Finch, Mount Pleasant, Harbertonford, Totnes, South Devon.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

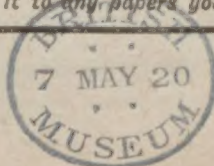
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Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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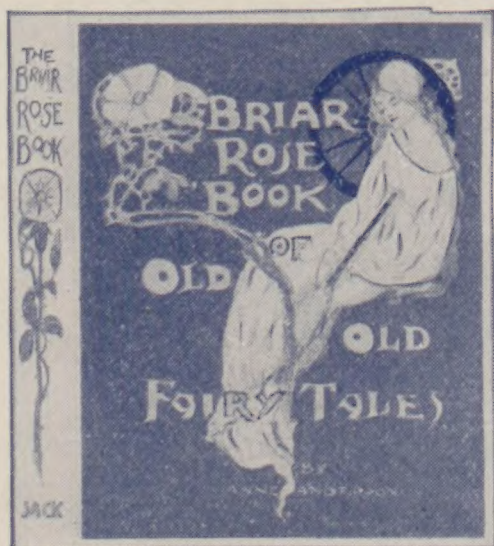
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